

## The Washington Times

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### Things Worth Seeing--The Azores

A Small Lost World In a Universe of Water.

A wireless message from the U. S. S. George Washington tells you that the President is today passing the Azores on his journey back to Washington. Would it bore you to read a few words of description and reflection based on these little lost islands?

As you cross the Atlantic by the southern route the "sighting of the Azores" is one incident of your voyage. Just before daybreak the ship is shaken and the passengers roused by the deep tones of the big steam whistle.

One by one shivering forms struggle up from below, like reluctant spirits answering a premature last call. Bare feet in slippers, and shivering forms with overcoats over nightgowns gradually line the rails.

On the left there appears, apparently, a heavy dark bank of clouds;

"The Azores," shouts down from the bridge your yellow whiskered captain, looking as cheerful and warm as though it were noon.

You watch, shiver and blink as the light grows stronger behind the pinkish clouds in the east. The dark cloud settles into solid land. You see it clearly. Sharply outlined against the sky stands, forty miles long, a mammoth saw with huge teeth, irregular, but sharp. The power of old time volcanoes made all of that land, and those sharp saw teeth, pointing toward the sky, are the destroyers of long ago, cold and dead now, but telling ominously of the power that lies hidden below us.

Between you and the brightening sunrise, suspended in the "crow's nest," half way up the mast, stands the sailor who watches the sea for you through the night. He calls out, and ahead to the left you see a small boat filled with human beings that seem scarcely as big as your finger. Your ship could plow through miles of such small boats—but out there in the ocean, just as well as inside the biggest court house, LAW rules, and the big ship must turn out for the small fishing boat.

You realize the power and beauty of law, as our governor and sustainer. You see that laws of little men reach out two thousand miles into the sea. You think of the laws of the universe that stretch across the immeasurable distances of time and space, protecting ALL, and insuring ultimate fulfillment of the destinies of all the worlds.

As those fishermen of the Azores work safely, under full protection, in their little lost corner of the great ocean, so we, in our little world, our little insignificant corner of space, work out our tiny problems safely under the splendid protection of Divine Law and wisdom sent to us from some far off point of which we know nothing.

The light of the rising sun brings out from shore many other small boats, each with its load of men who wave their arms to the steamship and cheer against the sound of the waves and wind. To them that ship is like the fast express that passes the country railroad station, or the comet that whirls round our sun and off again.

Those fishermen feel that THEY are the REAL world, the steamship and outside creation are only half imagined, interesting phenomena. You look down from the deck and the fishermen seem unreal little ornaments of your European excursion. And so the two sets of human beings go their way—to each nothing is important, save that which each is doing.

There are great planets and suns that roll past us across this cosmic ocean of ether. Our pathetic little round earth looks to them as that fishing boat of the Azores looks to you. And WE think of those great interstellar travelers as the fisherman in his little boat thinks of the ocean liner—the great star to us is merely an interesting feature of OUR sky. And we actually wonder whether there is any thought on that big, distant sun; any intelligence on the vast ship that plows the ocean of eternal, limitless space.

The high ridge of volcanic peaks and the others near it are made fertile and green by soil gradually developed through the centuries by seeds brought across the ocean by winds and birds.

The tops of the mountains are black lava. Lakes of black water fill some of the quiet craters. Only, here and there, the rising sulphur smoke from rocky fissures tells of heat and power smoldering.

The last great eruption of the volcanoes occurred a little more than two hundred years ago—so the inhabitants laugh if you speak of danger. They forget that two hundred years in the earth's life is as two minutes in the life of a man—and that what a man did two minutes since he may do again.

Fences are built across the fields of thin soil that cover the lava. Each inch of that land thrown up by fire "beings" to some man. White houses stand at the edges of deep lava canyons running from the mountain tops to the sea's edge—canyons made by pouring lava or by the splitting of the mountains under fearful pressure.

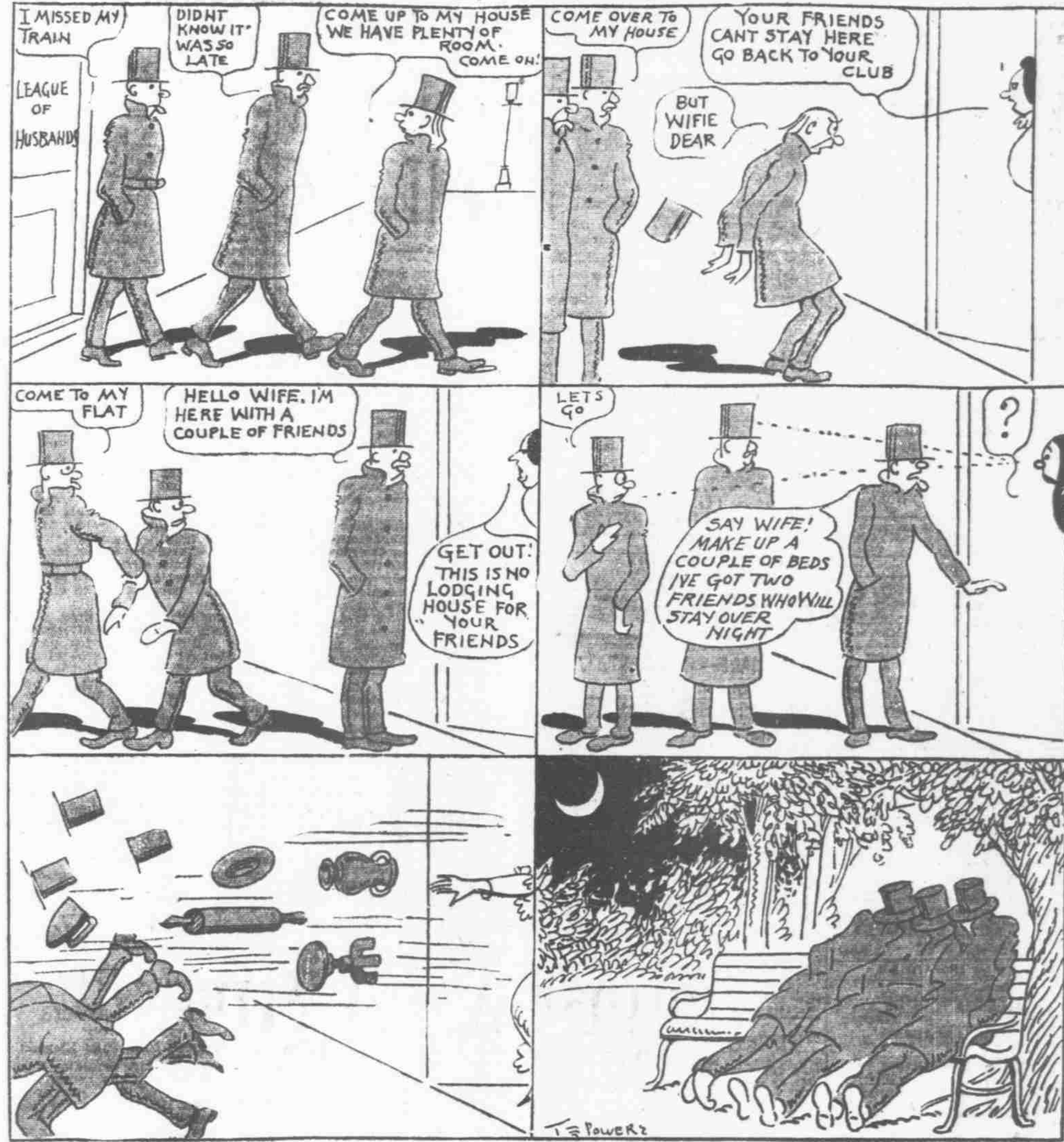
Children play about the blocks of lava—and all their lives, no matter where they may go, those children will think of that far off island as the only real home. And of black lava blocks as the only REAL kind of stone.

From your passing boat you can not see those children.

(Continued in Last Column.)

## The League of Husbands - By T. E. Powers

Friendship Ceases at Midnight



## Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of the War Workers Especially for Washington Women

THE other day, a correspondent wrote me a delightful letter. I should like to have several thousand copies mimeographed, and give one to every bride of my acquaintance.

The original is too long for reproduction in this column and a bit too confidential, but the gist of the letter is that it is better to start marriage with too little, than too much.

The lady went on to tell me something of her married life which has now very nearly reached the quarter century mark. And among the blessings that helped to make that partnership a success, there was—you would never guess in a thousand years—the mortgage on their first home. She says: "That mortgage was the balance wheel that prevented our flying off at separate tangents. It compelled my husband to forego the various extravagances to which he had a tendency, and it kept me from becoming a victim of fads."

"They Were Going to Keep Young." The writer was one of two girls, and her sister had made what was regarded as a brilliant match, while my correspondent became the wife of an upper clerk in a big firm. She married the man of her choice against the wishes of her parents, and they showed their disapproval by contributing nothing in the way of a nest egg.

The young man had five hundred dollars, and the bride got a present of a thousand from a romantic great-aunt, who was spurred to this lavishness, apparently, by the general opposition of the family. With this fifteen hundred dollars the young people made the first payment on a five thousand dollar home situated in the suburbs of a big city.

There was a college not far away, and the bride left out the superfluous rooms to bachelor instructors. She did most of her own work till her first child was born, and after that she managed with a landlady, a fireless cooker, and a cleaning woman who came for a couple of hours daily.

With System, Housekeeping Became Automatic.

It was difficult at first, as she had had very little training in the domestic arts, but after she began to use her brains and systematize things, much of the housekeeping became automatic.

The hardest thing in those first years of her marriage was that she

### A MORTGAGE AS A LOVE PHILTER

hadn't time to keep up with fads that seemed to her more important than they really were. Not fads in clothes and furniture and diet, but intellectual fads that appeared to be world-movements. Her sister, for instance, belonged to a coterie of women that changed their fads as often as they did their hats, and it gave my friend a stranded feeling at first not to be able to take part in these various exotic hobbies.

There was the wonderful Swami, for instance, the East Indian in the highly becoming turban whom they got in to direct their thought, and teach them how "to grow." It seemed this cocoa-colored gentleman could banish age, by keeping one serene, and "compel" all manner of blessings and prosperity by directing the thoughts of his pupils.

My correspondent felt like a poor benighted woman because she hadn't the time to join this magic

circle. But what could a poor girl do, with the baby to look after, the dinner to get, and other household chores to claim her attention? In the meantime, her sister and her friends were soaring above such sordid details into the realms of "truth." It seems funny now, but in those days it came near being a real tragedy. "I wanted to keep abreast of things, and I had to wash out little flannel shirts and not forget the fireless cooker entirely."

Husband Couldn't Afford to Treat.

My husband played golf, at a nearby course on Saturday afternoons, but he could never finish up at the clubhouse like the rest of the men, because there was always a good deal of treating. And one can't treat with a mortgage hanging over one's head. But in spite of everything, the Swami and his thought, the game of golf

without the convivial climax, we were preparing to reduce the mortgage by a thousand dollars, at the end of the first three and a half years.

When the mortgage was actually reduced, it didn't seem as if such happiness could be possible. This hideous "scrap of paper" that had to be cajoled, sacrificed to, and slaved for in and out of season, had, after all, made these two young people the best of friends. It had put both of them on their mettle and neither had been found wanting; they came through the ordeal chums, and that was better than the thousand dollars.

Kept Husband Abstemious.

In the meantime, as she said, "it kept my husband abstemious, while that virtue was not entirely easy for him. And it not only kept me from the Swami and his higher foolishness, but it saved me from a number of other fads as well."

"My sister and her friends are still pursuing these intellectual phantoms, two of them have become divorced, and the rest are rather an uneasy lot, and as far as prosperity is concerned, we have caught up with them long ago."

In this kind of marriage where genuine responsibility is shared by both of the partners, there is no time for those reactions where the wife becomes convinced that she does not feel toward her husband exactly the way she felt toward her sweetheart, and if there is too much leisure to think about it, she is apt to conclude that she does not love him and that she had made the mistake of her life in marrying him.

Now that mortgage of three thousand five hundred dollars with which these two young people began life, prevented this sort of introspection. They were buying a home—and the big important thing in their lives was to get it paid for, not the thrill-producing power of the husband's step on the stairs. And as for the soulmate business, they just couldn't afford such caviare, it was as out of the question as hot-house peaches in January would have been.

My correspondent concludes that while the mortgage had been paid so long ago as to be forgotten, and they have moved into a far more prosperous home, that they always think of the mortgage and those first years with a genuine affection.

## To the Interstate Commerce Commission

Patrons of the Washington and Old Dominion Say You Are Deaf to Their Pleas. Perhaps You Are Too Busy.

By EARL GODWIN.

The gentlemen who compose the Interstate Commission are all men of the highest character and intelligence who will COMMAND the Washington and Old Dominion road to give better treatment to its passengers, once the true state of affairs is clear to the commissioners.

It is almost impossible to pile superlative upon superlative to reach the heights necessary to describe frightful railway conditions in the vicinity and within the very bounds of the National Capital, but on some Himalayan peak of descriptive English lies the pearl of speech which aptly fits the service on the W. and O. D.

I am not a mountain climber, and, therefore, this pearl is withheld from my readers.

Stories of crowds, crushings, fainting women, frightened and suffocated children, cattle car experiences of unbelievable character come to me about the Washington and Old Dominion all the time.

Where is the Interstate Commerce Commission? I hope it will pay some attention to the conditions on that line, and for the special benefit of these gentlemen, for whom I have the greatest respect, I will quote the latest contribution to the W. and O. D. literature that the mail brings me daily:

"Notwithstanding the glaring violations of which this line has been guilty, in failure to observe its schedule, cutting out cars in order to have the usual jam when a car was finally dispatched, rough handling of passengers, including women and children, etc., etc., the patrons have been unable to get any relief through the Interstate Commerce Commission, although large sums of money have been spent in preparing and presenting cases of such violations. That body appears to have a ready ear for any request the Washington and Old Dominion railway has to make for increase of rates, change of schedules, etc., but it is deaf to the pleas of the patrons of the road for fair play."

## HEARD AND SEEN

Two riderless horses—typifying the soldier who did not return—will ride in the victory parade ahead of the Betty Lehmann flag. You should remember that the Betty Lehmann flag will be the ONLY banner in the parade in memory of the men who died in France. It will be a great white banner, with a great gold star, and over the star these words:

"The Boys We Left Behind Us."

The riderless cavalry horses have been given Mrs. Lehmann to precede the flag, by the War Department, through the suggestion and activities of MARLEN PEW, who got permission from the proper authorities.

But the flag is NOT paid for yet. Cannot YOU who want to memorialize some dear one who died in France help Mrs. LEHMANN pay for the flag? It will have a permanent place in the trophy room of the War Department after the triumphal procession up Pennsylvania avenue.

Recent subscribers are:

MARIAN DAVIES.  
Mrs. ANNIE F. GODWIN.  
BENJAMIN CATCHINGS.  
WOODWARD & LOTHROP.  
Dr. E. O. MERCHANT.

That mottled thing in front of Childs', MILTON D. SMITH says it is an eyesore. I agree. Suppose someone left a load of hay as big as that on the sidewalk, what would the police do?

Also Mr. SMITH nominates SERGEANT BUEHL STANLEY, the smiling traffic official, for the post of Best Known Man in Washington.

SERGEANT OLMSTEAD says that Mayor Keefer of Clarendon is all wrong about the definition of "doughboy." The Sergt. says that at the close of the civil war a lot of professional gamblers enlisted to get the easy money that was then floating through the army—they went after the dough. Then ALL soldiers who enlisted AFTER the war were called "doughboys"—says Sergt. Olmstead.

Like the N. Y. El. Road.

I want to suggest that the street car companies might put turnstiles on their cars that would ring up one fare every time their arms turned around far enough to describe one-fourth of a circle. The turnstiles could be placed so that immediately a passenger stepped on the car he would step into the turnstile, push the arm of the turnstile around as he passed on, and in that way ring up his own fare. Of course, passen-

gers getting on these cars would have to come in the back way only, and passengers getting off would have to go out the front way only.

Who remembers when round steak was cheaper than porterhouse?

JOHN ANSCHUTZ.

Drop your pens and pencils figuring "How old is Ann" and "How wide the alley is," and figure this out in your head. The world's great revenue bill hits every man with a living wage, which is \$3,000 a year. If a living wage is \$3,000 a year for wife and husband, what is \$1,400 a year to the same family? W. L. J.

You ought to see BERT ST. CLAIRE's dress shirt.

The only clue to the authorship of this is the War Department official business telegraph blank on which it was written:

Appropos of the news item that French girls find American men very attractive, We'll send the French our money We'll send the French our food, We'll lend the French our soldiers if they promise to be good.

We try to be unselfish But every now and then, We get a little jealous Because we think they'll keep our men.

THREE AMERICAN BEAUTIES.

Village Items.

BILL RODENBERG is getting into fast company. EDDIE RICKENBACHER, who helped fill his full of Huns, was out to Bill's place on Maccomb street Sunday.

RICHARD M. BOECKEL could have been seen shoveling stones near his Cleveland Park farm Sunday.

CHARLIE DARR has bought him a house.

So has DR. CHARLES M. BEALL.

HARRY RAPLEY discovered a new kind of Welch rabbit at the Lambs' Club in New York last Monday.

SIG KANN is at Atlantic City.

JOE STRASBURGER is there also.

DR. FRANK PHILLIPS, the bee expert of the Department of Agriculture, is going to spend ten days buzzing the students at Cornell.

Who remembers when we used to make collections of the actress pictures that came in Sweet Caps?

## THINGS WORTH SEEING--THE AZORES

(Continued From First Column.)

Their little lives, lost in the far off sea, seem as unimportant as the lives of the fish that swim below you.

But some child playing there today may be like that other island child, Napoleon, and live to make the rest of the world talk about the island that bred him. Or, better still, some one of those children with a brain, made powerful by solitude and noble thought, may have the idea that shall help us all, teach us more and more to think kindly of each other and help each other, instead of passing each other coldly and indifferently as the big ship passes the little far off island.